

Poetry.

WINTER BIRDS.

I watch them from my window,
While winds so keenly blow;
How merrily they twitter,
And revel in the snow!
In brown and ruffled feathers
They dot the white around,
And not one moping comrade
Among the lot I've found.
"Cheep! Cheep!" their tiny voices
Seem thankfully to say:
"A blessing to the Giver
We sing upon our way.
Though skies are dull and stormy,
To sigh would never do;
For He who sends the winter
Will send the summer too."
Have I a heart so thankful
For all that He bestows,—
The sweet as well as bitter,
The snowflake and the rose?
Or do I sigh, impatient,
And thankless, at the gloom
That makes all brighter, sweeter,
The springtime's boundless bloom?
Ah, may I be as cheerful
As yonder winter birds,
Through ills and petty crosses,
With no repining words!
So, teaching me this lesson,
Away, away they go,
And leave their tiny footprints,
In stars, upon the snow!

—George Cooper.

Selections.

IN this world, it is not what we take up,
but what we give up, that makes us rich.

MAN could not exist one moment with-
out the love of God; and yet how many
live as though there were no God.

WHEN the image of Christ has truly
arisen in our hearts, it must take in our
spiritual life the place of the sun.—*Rich-
ard Rothe.*

SEIZE this moment of excited curiosity
on any subject to solve your doubts; for
if you let it pass the desire may never re-
turn, and you may remain in ignorance.
—*Wirt.*

You have seen a ship out on the bay,
swinging with the tide, and seeming as if
it would follow it; and yet it cannot, for
down beneath the water it is anchored.
So many a soul sways toward heaven, but
cannot ascend thither, because it is an-
chored to some secret sin.

THE most successful man is not the man
who acquires the most money, power,
place, honor, or fame, but the man who
gains the most manhood, and performs
the greatest amount of useful work in the
discharge of human duty, whose life is
most replete with useful purpose, and
well-directed effort.

KEEP alive the sacred watch-fires of vig-
ilance and truth, wearing the whole armor
of God, and soon the glad light of morn-
ing will break in upon the darkness of
earth's long night.

OUR minds are small because they are
faithless. If we had faith in God our
hearts would share in His greatness and
peace. We should not then be shut up
in ourselves, but would walk abroad in
Him.—*George McDonald.*

"As the roses, leaf by leaf, fall from
their stems, and fade away, so our joys
may vanish, one by one. But new joys
may spring up, restoring to us our former
happiness, as the rose puts forth new flow-
ers, enriching the garden by their fra-
grance."

"I WAS never of any use until I found
out that God did not make me for a great
man." Such was the confession of a
Christian minister. It is a lesson many
need to learn. "Before honor is humili-
ty." "He that humbleth himself shall be
exalted."

HOLD fast to the Bible as the anchor of
your liberties; write its precepts on your
hearts, and practice them in your lives.
To the influence of this book we are in-
debted for the progress made in true civ-
ilization, and to this we must look as our
guide in the future.—*Ex.*

IN the memoir of Dr. E. N. Kirk it is
recorded that some one asked him how a
Christian could best show himself a Chris-
tian in society. His reply seems to cover
the whole ground: "I always try to put
myself in this attitude before leaving
home: 'Lord, give me an opportunity to
honor thee, and a heart to embrace the
opportunity.' This is all our Lord re-
quires."

EVERY Bible is a missionary that preach-
es Jesus and the remission of sins, and the
resurrection through faith in his blood.
It can be easily concealed, cheaply sup-
ported, readily consulted; it never grows
old, superannuated, or sick, and where
one Bible is preserved in a nation there is
a spark of celestial fire which shall break
forth into a flame to chase away darkness.
—*Dr. John M. Mason.*

ARE you in trouble? Christ was also
in trouble. Are you poor?—so was he;
in pain?—he suffered; approaching death?
he set his face steadfastly to go to his
doom. He suffered in all points as we.
And what was the outcome of it all? He
died; but he rose again! That was the
end of all the darkness and sorrow and
pain. You that are following Christ amid
so much grief and weariness, remember
that every step you take is one nearer
to its final triumph, which shall be yours.

Matrimonial.

STONER—CARPER.—Jan. 10, 1895,
by Rev. W. L. Spanogle, Harvey A. Ston-
er and sister Annie Carper. All of Blair
County, Pa.

WEBER—ADRIAN.—Jan. 16, 1895,
at the home of the bride's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Jacob Adrian, in Grant twp.,
Mr. Joseph Weber and Miss Gertie Ad-
rian, Rev. N. Flora officiating.

HAAS—JACOBY.—Feb. 3, 1895, at
the residence of and by the writer, Ross-
ville, Ind., Mr. Edward A Haas and Miss
Catherine I. Jacoby.

R. R. TEETER.

HOW TO READ A BOOK.

The first thing to do in reading a book,
or a story in a magazine, or any other
thing worth reading, is to ascertain who
wrote it. An author talks to us in his
books, and just as we like to know the
friends we talk with, we should like to
know the name of the man or woman
whose published thoughts are entering in-
to our daily lives. Therefore make it a
rule, girl, to read the title page of the
volume in your hand; and if there be a
preface, unless it be a very long one, read
that too. You will in this way establish
an acquaintance with your author; you
will know him by sight, and soon you will
know him more intimately. Every author
has little ways and words of his own, and
you will find yourself recognizing these
very swiftly and lovingly. By-and-by,
when you happen in your story on some
phrase, or turn of a sentence, or little jest-
ing mannerism which belongs to the author
you are growing well acquainted with, you
will feel pleased, and the story will mean
a great deal more to you than if it were
simply the work of an unknown person,
whose tones and looks were quite unfam-
iliar.—*Harper's Young People.*

OUR MISTAKES.

We make mistakes, or what we call such.
The nature that could fall into such mis-
takes needs, and in the goodness of the
dear God, is given the living of it out.
And beyond this, I believe more; that in
the pure and patient living of it out we
come to find that we have fallen, not into
hopeless confusions of our own wild, ig-
norant making, but that the finger of God
has been at work among our lives, and
that the emerging is into his own blessed
order; that he is forever making up to us
for our undoings; that he makes them up
beforehand; that he evermore restoreth
souls.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*